

his rifle, but he never touched the bear. He had a Remington Model 8 Automatic rifle that would shoot 5 shots in the magazine and one in the chamber.

When Alma discovered his gun was empty, he turned and ran down the hill. At the bottom of the canyon, thinking the bear was after him, he then turned and started to run up the hill, finally spotted the dust as the bear was running down the canyon, not after him at all. The bear was as scared as he was.

About that time, the guys yelled, "Shoot the black bear."

Allen answered, "That's not a black bear. It's a black cow." Which it was.

Uncle Alma was as white as a sheet of paper, and shaking like a leaf. He tried to roll a cigarette, but couldn't as he was so scared and shaky.

Someone said, "Here, Allie, here is one of my ready-made camels."

Alma's extra ammunition was all carried in a cartridge box in his right rear pocket, so he couldn't get them to load his gun. Let this be a lesson. Never try to out run a bear, and keep extra bullets in your pocket, to grab quickly.

Tales of Our Favorite Dog, Jack

Father decided to extend the fence line on our property. So in order to dig post holes for the fence, holes were dug and dynamite was inserted to enlarge the holes. The dynamite was set. Our dog Jack was curious as the posts

started to fizz, prior to exploding. But the curious dog sniffed at the hole.

Then, the dynamite went off, so did the dog. He jumped, wheeled around and ran, lickety split to the house, went through the back screen door, dashed in the house to the back bedroom where he finally found a safe haven, under the childrens's bed. That was worth a good laugh.

Clark Williams tells about the dog, Jack, whom he used to throw sticks at, This day, Clark threw a mud ball, the dog opened his mouth wide and received the full force of the mud in his mouth. Oh, what a dirty trick.

During the year that the D&RG RR was building a new alignment of the grade from Detour to Soldier Summit, it became necessary to dynamite the area around Tie Fork. The Williams family, who lived at the entrance of Tie Fork were requested by Reynolds Ely Construction of Springville, Utah to leave their home to avoid trouble that could become a concussion or rock damage to their home. A young daughter, Grace born 13 of May 1913 her mother carried her in her arms. A big rock fell through the rafters above the boys bed, but did no harm to anyone. This was in June, July or August 1913.

Tie Fork in the Early Days

Tie Fork Canyon in the early part of the 1900 was a lot different than it is now. There were more wild animals,

such as coyotes, mountain lions, bears, bobcats, snowshoe rabbits, cotton tails.

Tie Fork is revered by the William T. Williams and his wife Hanna Caroline Powell family. When the family lived there, they couldn't wait to go down to Spanish Fork. At that time, cars were not available, now they are, and the family can't wait to go back up the canyon as the air is fresh so one sleeps better.

The world is a looking glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it becomes a jolly, kind companion.

William M. Thackeray

The Williams' lived on the ranch, owned by grandparents, Simeon Comfort Powell and Edith Hanna Cornaby Powell. Edith's mother Hanna Last Cornaby, was the author of the lovely LDS Hymn "Who's On The Lord's Side?, Who?".

Even though the Williams had a large family, they always made room for visitors or even hobo's and shared meals with them. They had charity for all and the parents shared with everyone. They had a garden, where they raised potatoes onions, and other vegetables. They bought fruit, vegetables and meat from Chris Nelson.

Doctors were not available, but with the pioneer know-how learned about medicine, herbs and cure-alls, from indians which took care of ill's and other emergencies.

A lot of these herbs are the basis of modern medicine. Other families in the canyon shared their true pioneer health cures with everyone.

When Grace was about five years old, she dressed up in a cowboy hat and shaps. A young man picked her up and kissed her. She gave him a slap on his face. He said, "She looked so cute, I just couldn't help but kiss her." But her mother chastized her for her conduct.

About a mile above the Williams ranch house in Tie Fork lived a family named Lindsey in their homestead home, Mr. Lindsey worked away from home. Mrs. Lindsey had two children. Allen B. Williams used to do chores and help by cutting the wood for heating the home. Mrs. Lindsey told Allen, "When you come up here, it isn't necessary that you knock, I can hear you.

So the next time Allen came, he made quite a bit of noise and without knocking, walked in the home. Mrs. Lindsey fainted, fell on the floor and was out for a short period of time.

When she came to, she pointed her finger at Allen and said, "Allen Williams, don't you ever do that again."

One day while the brothers, Sam and Allen were tending a herd of sheep, the Coyotes were howling and troubling the sheep. Sam had a small 38-06 gun and he decided to scare the coyotes away, so he took the gun and fired it in the air. Shortly after, a lamb bleated as if in pain.

The next day Sam discovered the bullet had hit the lamb and broke its back. He picked up the gun and threw it in the river and said, "If you want your d--- gun, its down there in the river."

Hobo Story

We had one hobo who we invited to share the Williams home in Tie Fork and made him a bed on an army cot in the kitchen.

One night, Allen heard a noise, got up to find the hobo looking in the cupboard. Allen asked him what he was doing. He denied everything.

After he had left, a bag of arrowheads and a pair of buckskin gloves were missing. Allen never remembered putting them there, untill after he had gone. Lesson learned--DON'T BE TOO TRUSTING OF STRANGERS.

Clark brought a young hobo in from Thistle who shared the hospitality of the Williams home. Brother Sam caught him stealing canned goods. So Sam decided to take care of that, so he made some good strong coffee and loaded it with Epson Salts. He gave it to the hobo, as soon as the Epson Salts worked him, Sam told him, "Now, you go up the canyon, bring back the canned goods you have stolen from us, return them and hi-jack out of here." He did as he was told to do.

A Hobo From Chicago

There were a lot of hobos who rode the trains during the depression. One such came from Chicago, stopped at the Williams ranch, and was fed, as usual by the Williams family.

The boys taught him about canyon life. He had never been on a horse, so they introduced him by putting him on a horse with spurs, with orders to start him by using the spurs and told him to put on the spurs as brakes, to stop. He did, as they directed, put his feet in the flanks with his spurs and the horse threw him over the horses head into a bush of sagebrush. Luckily, he wasn't injured bad.

"You wait, untill I get you sons of B----- in Chicago." The boys never went there to find out.

A Favorite Bolly Horse

Frank Thomas of Spanish Fork sold dad a horse, a sorrel bolly horse we called Bolly. He had a white stripe down his nose. He was the finest saddle horse. Any place you wanted to use him and was the easiest riding of any I ever heard of or ever owned.

We kept him until he was stoved up with rheumatism. My dad wanted to have him put away, but Allen objected by saying, "No way. He has earned the best to the end of his life."

Allen was out on the desert herding sheep for Uncles

Tom and Herb Williams. When he came back, in the spring, Bolly was missing. Several years later, while hunting deer with Bert Chadwick, he told me my dad had asked him to do away with Bolly. He didn't tell me where, and I didn't want to know. Goodbye good horse.

Indian Chief, Sam Robinson

Many years ago, Sam Robinson, an old Indian Chief, from the Uintah Basin Reservation, used to come down Spanish Fork Canyon with their tribe, first with a horse, with two poles on either side, with the poles dragging on the ground and a skin stretched across to carry their belongings.

They would stop at Williams ranch on the way to town, and also on the way back. They would put their horses in the pasture, and camp out at the ranch. They would camp out on a knoll and run their horses out in the field.

Sam Robinson was a wonderful old Indian, a chief of the Ute Indian Tribe. Allen and the other children would go where they were camped and they would listen to him tell stories.

He told of one time that he nearly lost his life. He was staying at the Indian Reservation and he got word that some of his folks were sick in Millard County, Whiterock, as it was called. This was located near St. George where they would migrate for the winter.

Sam decided to make a shortcut from the Reservation, up the Strawberry River to the confluence of Strawberry

and Willow Creek, and then down Tie Fork to old Tucker in Spanish Fork Canyon. He traveled on snowshoes and got caught in a big snowstorm at the head of Willow Creek, the snow being so deep that all the wood was buried, but he finally managed to pull off dead limbs from the trees and got a fire going, which saved his life.

The next day, the storm cleared and he made his way to Tie Fork and managed to get to his relatives in southern Utah.

Later, the government stopped the migration spring and fall, and they had to stay on the Reservation and we never saw them again.

If ever an Indian had a wonderfull personality, Sam Robinson did, I don't know how he got his name, probably from some white man, but he was clean, a well built specimen of manhood.

After using the horse, the Indians later had light buggie, or the two wheeled buggies.

Sam was aleays welcomed by our family, and we have tender memories of his visits at our ranch.

Sam pointed out to us several of his tribe of young people that were going to school, and some advanced as far as the B.Y.U., which he was very proud of at the time.

It is our responsibility to share the gospel with our Lamanite brothers and sisters.

An Experience With My Pal, Ralph Loveless

Allen B. Williams was at home in Tie Fork. One night after dark, about 1920 when he received this warning.

Quote--We had Sunday School lessons about the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. I couldn't understand this, but when a voice spoke to me and said, "Williams, get on your horse and ride up the canyon."

I disregarded it the first and second time, but the third time, I decided I'd better listen. I didn't know which canyon, but I went up Tie Fork.

It was in January or February with the moon shining brightly, I didn't say anything to anyone, but went out, got on my horse and rode up Tie Fork Canyon. After a short time, I noticed a dark object down the hill. There was my friend, Ralph Loveless, down the hill from the road. I got off my horse. The ground was wet and slick as I walked down the hill, and there was Ralph, still on his horse, which had slipped off the road and lodged against a tree with the tree caught in the seat of the saddle. Ralph's leg was under the horses stomach caught in the stirrup. So with a great deal of exertion, I released the saddle cinches, twisted the horses head around and finally got him loose. We resaddled the horse. Luckily, neither horse nor Ralph was injured. We rode back to the ranch where the dogs started to bark and the family asked, "Where in the world have you been?"

I related the unusual experience, saying to Ralph, "Don't

ever make a shortcut up the canyon again."

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From The Spanish Fork Press Sep 24, 1987

Local Man Applauded for Quick Action.....By Frank G.King

In these days of so much bad and ugly news, this reporter finds the following story a very welcome change and privilege to put on paper for our readers. It concerns the commendable and great action of Allen B. Williams, my friend and deservedly laudable senior citizen of our community.

Recently, when sitting in his parked truck in the area near the Skyview Cafe in Spanish Fork Canyon, Mr. Williams heard a noise, saw dust, and wasted no time in investigating the cause. It was a slide near mile post 664.6 which had sent huge rocks and debris down to foul the main line track of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

Mr. Williams hurried to the cafe, solicited the aid of its manager, Don Andrus, and remained to flag traffic on the rail line while the latter was seeking help to get the slide debris removed.

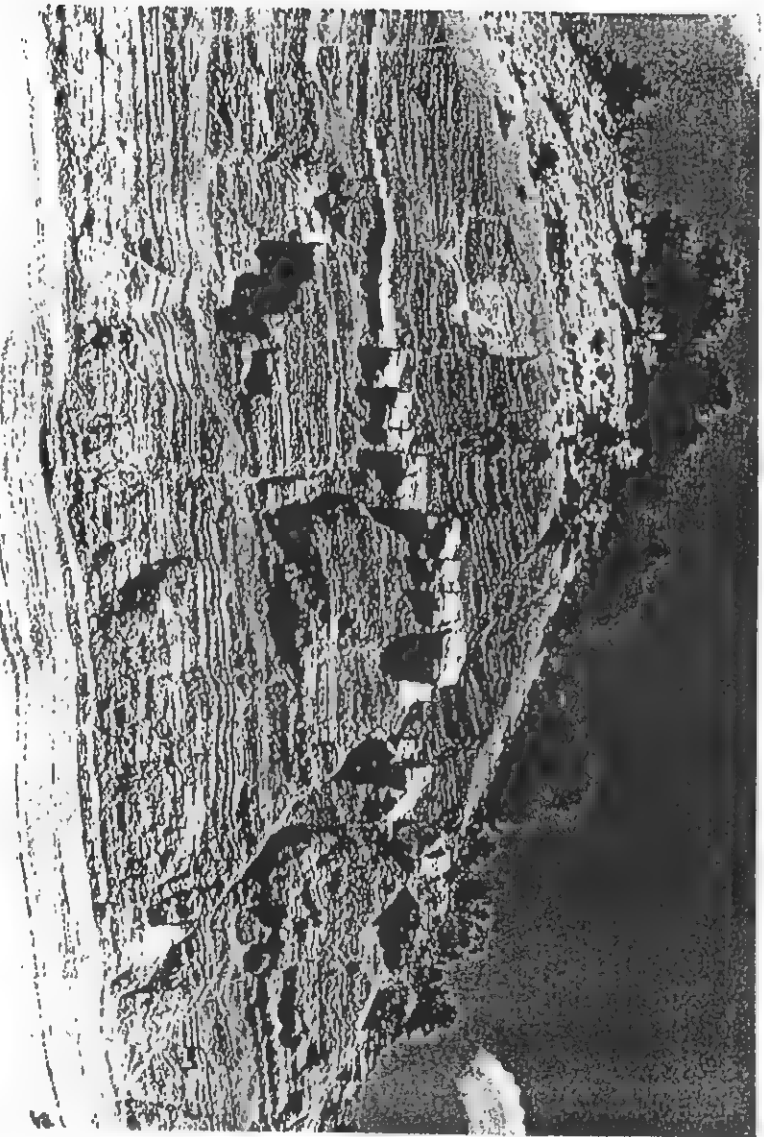
In a letter received from S.W.Wait, D&RG President, Mr. Williams was commended for his actions, which must surely averted serious trouble and expence for the railroad. Mr.Wait stated, "The fact that you did not ask anything in return, is not only commendable, but rare in these days."

As a token of their appreciation for what he had done and because of no reward solicited, the railroad company

Local man applauded for quick action



Allen Williams



Slide area near Skyview Cafe where rocks and debris covered main line tracks.



Largest rock of the slide stopped on the east bound track,
5 foot square approxiamtely 3,500 pounds.



Arrow indicates rock slide area.

sent Mr. Williams a Rio Grande hat and Jacket. As a writer for the Press, I am proud to have such a friend and add the plaudits of the newspaper staff to those already expressed. The people of the town should be proud too of having a fellow citizen and neighbor of this calibre.

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The Potgut Story

At a family group discussing life in the canyon in 1985 and discussing survival, one of the group, Roger Lyman, married to Mara Williams, the daughter of Clark Williams ask, "What in the world did you have to eat up here, with your large family?"

Allen answered, "You see all these chipmunks, we call them potguts. Thats what we had to eat."

"Did you really?" Roger asked, "I can hardly believe it."

The Williams brothers, Clark, Grant and Allen burst out laughing. They couldn't keep it any longer.

Roger still enjoys hearing this and the William boys never let him quit being kidded.

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Help from Michael Barclay

On May 22, 1966, while visiting my aunt, Maggie B. Gardner, I told her we had been up to the cemetery in Tucker, Utah decorating the graves. She asked me who was buried there. I told her a brother and two sisters of Allen's were buried

there.

She said, "That must have been one of the children that my brother Michael helped bury."

Then she told me this story. Michael Barclay had been herding sheep for Herbert Williams some place in Tie Fork, quite a distance of several miles away, when he was impressed to come down the canyon. When he got to the Williams ranch at the mouth of Tie Fork, Hanna Williams was home alone with the children. Their twins, Edith and Annie and a baby boy, Thomas, who had been very sick. She was holding the baby in her arms, while walking back and forth, crying.

"What is the matter with the child?" Michael asked.

"I don't know but he is very sick." she managed to answer.

Which indeed he was.

Michael pulled back the blanket, and said, "Why, this child is dead."

And he really was.

Michael was able to help her get word to her husband, Will, and the other relatives who were down to Spanish Fork.

As this was May 15 and the weather was beginning to get warm, the snow down low had melted, he rode back up the canyon and got snow from the tops of the mountain to pack the baby in untill it could be buried.

It was later determined or thought that the baby had died of spinal meningitis. The baby was Thomas C. Williams

born April 17,1904, and he died May 15,1904.

Three months later to the day, William T. and Hanna were called to mourn again as one of the twin girls, Annie R. who was clinging to the mothers skirt at the loss of Thomas, died of tonsilitis. Annie was born Dec 9,1901 and died August 15,1904.

Prize Deer During the Depression

We lived through the depression from 1929 to 1935. Allen went hunting one year with his mother-in-laws team and wagon. He went up Tie Fork in Spanish Fork Canyon and shot his prize, no doubt, THE BEST DEER HE HAD EVER SHOT. The deer was lying down when it was shot. The deer didn't know what hit him. Allen had been a crack shot, from age 10. He really had a hard time loading the deer on his horse, which laid down four times coming to camp.

He was coming home down Spanish Fork Canyon when he was stopped by a motorist in his car. He offered him \$10.00 for the prize trophy. But Allen's answer was a flat refusal. So, the man went on. Soon, he returned. This time he offered him \$20.00. Again Allen refused, altho money was hard to come by for everyone and we could have used it. So, the third time the man drove on and Allen continued down the canyon.

Then the third time, the man returned, with another offer, \$40.00 plus his 30-40 .95 Winchester gun. He said he couldn't hit a deer altho he saw them.

"Do you have any ammunition left."

"Yes, I have," the man answered.

So Allen tried and found out that the man's gunsight was really off. So he could see why the man had missed. He had gone hunting in southern Utah.

But this last offer was too good for even Allen.

So the trade was made, of the prize deer head for forty dollars and the Winchester gun. Allen was to keep the meat, which was used, usually by canning it for winter.

Before the transaction was finished Allen said, "Look, how do I know this isn't a trick? Maybe you are a game warden and would turn me over to the law.

"Oh, no. I'm no game warden."

This time, the offer was accepted, but not before Allen jotted down the man's licence plate number, later writing to the Vehickle Dept of Transportaion.

Later--of the winner of the prize deer head--The prize deer was displayed and enjoyed by all the town. He had it mounted and it hung in his living room. He was so proud of it, well worth the sacrifice.

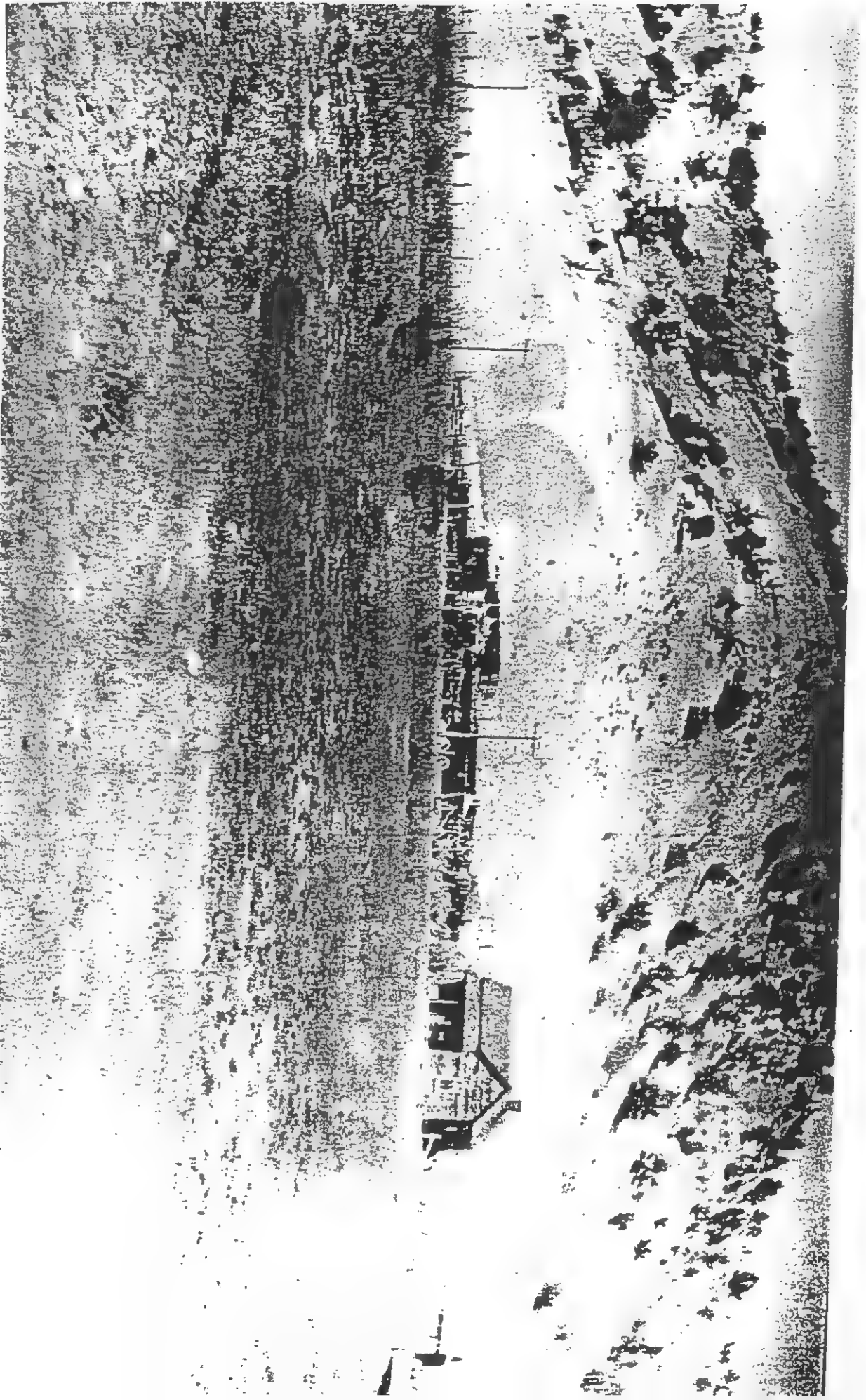


William T. Williams & Hanna C. Powell
Wedding Day 25 December 1900

William T. Williams
and
Hanna Caroline Powell Williams



Lived most of their life at Tie Fork.



The Fork Home of Mr. & Mrs. William T. Williams.

Tie Fork

The history of Spanish Fork Canyon takes in the stories of families who lived there--of people, what they did, and how they lived. The area was like one big family, who cared for and were interested in each other.

This is an account of Grace Dansie's story of her life.
Quote--

The Billy Williams family owned a large ranch west of Tucker, the home was in the mouth of Tie Fork Canyon. There was a large family of children. We became good friends with Edith, my sister Berta's age --Allen, Sam, Clark, Grace, Ruth and Grant.

Mama would take us to visit with the Williams family. We went by horse and buggy, singing and laughing all the way, the eight miles seemed a very short distance.

One time Papa and Mama left Berta, Frank and I home while they went to Spanish Fork. At that time we had two jackasses or burros called Jenny and Jinny, Jinny was gentle, Jenny was not. Papa told us not to ride them while they were gone, but Frank put the saddle on Jenny anyway and rode her up to check on the cows toward Mill Fork.

Grace asked Allen B. Williams to give an account of what happened. The following is from a letter dated Dec.12, 1987.

Mrs. Grace Dansie
130 East 400 South
Spanish Fork, Utah

Dear Grace:

I was really thrilled with your letter to me relating

to your brother Frank, during which time he was nearly
dragged to death as well as kicked to pieces by a donkey
he was riding. He was taking your folk's milk cows to
pasture further up the canyon east of your home about three
fourths of a mile. This, to my knowledge was about 1910
to 1913.

Grace, I have never been able to say just who was the
mastermind in charge of the precise timing and actions
in Frank's ordeal with the donkey, but I have always felt
it must have been the guidance of the Holy Ghost rather
than totally man's doing. I will relate the exact
happenings of this ordeal as pertaining to my part in
Frank's rescue. Please bear with me.

I had recently bought a saddle horse from William Cornaby
at a ranch or farm between Spanish Fork and Salem. I rode
the horse past your home the day before late in the
afternoon. I had about seven miles to go before reaching
my folk's home at Tie Fork. At about dark, I put my saddle
in the shed, the horse in the pasture with another horse,
went in the house where everyone had gone to bed. Even
though it was late, I ate a bowl of bread and milk and
then went to bed also. The next morning I got up very early
to see my pride and joy: of a new saddle horse, but to
my surprise, I didn't have a new horse in the field where
I had put him the night before. He had jumped the fence
and headed back down the canyon for his old home in Spanish
Fork. I then told my folks my new horse had jumped the

fence and that I was going to have to go after him. I saddled up the other horse that was in the hay field and took off in pursuit of my run-away horse.

I traveled about seven miles when I came to your folk's pasture gate; I could see Frank coming behind the cows riding a long eared donkey, so I got off my horse and opened the gate for Frank. After the cows were in the pasture, Frank got off his donkey to shut the gate, but when he tried to get back on the donkey it made two or three complete circles in the middle of the road. When Frank finally did get back on it, all hell broke loose. The donkey took the bridle bit in her mouth and started to bray while running up the side of the hill to a low squatty cedar tree. During this time, Frank was pulling for dear life trying to stop it but to no avail; it then took Frank under a low over-hanging limb. When they came out on the other side of the tree, Frank was being dragged along the ground with his left foot caught in the left stirrip of the saddle. The donkey was braying, kicking and dragging Frank with every bit of energy it had.

Grace, at this time Frank was really in a heck of a predicament. I knew I had to act quick. My first attempt to help Frank was to ride my horse up close enough to where I could grab the donkey's bridle reins. However, believe it or not ,I could not persuade my horse to get any closer than 50 or 60 feet from Frank and his donkey. No wonder my horse wouldn't get any closer--- the way that

donkey was braying, running and kicking Frank around like a rubber ball tied to a string or like a boy playing with a yo yo. My next attempt at the rescue was to grab my lareit and get it into a throwing position so that I could charge into the donkey, but again, to my surprise, my horse wouldn't go near enough for me to throw a 40 or 50 lariat rope.

My next plan to rescue Frank was to ride my horse with enough speed to a nearby hillside, get past the run away donkey and Frank, then intercept them. Grace, it worked. I went up the road a sufficient distance ahead of them. I threw my bridle reins over a fence post, jumped off my horse then went back onto the road to meet the donkey face to face. The donkey was still braying and kicking poor Frank as it approached me to pass. I grabbed the bridle reins and then the three of us went around and around in the middle of the road, me holding the reins with my left hand while my right hand was busy undoing the cinch straps, all the while making sure the donkey didn't step on my feet or place some of its wicked blows from its hind feet into me. I finally freed the saddle straps from Frank Jones.

With Frank lying there presumably dead, I led my horse back from the fence post to where he was lying in the road. I loaded him across the saddle of my horse like a dead man and took him down the canyon to your home. By the time I arrived at your home, with Frank bellbuster across my saddle, he revived sufficiently that you on one side and

me on the other, we walked him into your folk's west bedroom and into bed.

Grace, I must say, that probably Berta nor you, nor I have ever seen such a beat up person as Frank was that day---lacerations, skinned up everywhere, kick marks all over his body and even one well marked hoof mark on the very top of his head. There was cuts all through his pretty black hair with hoof marks everywhere on his scalp. I guess this is what made me think he was dead when I first freed him from the stirrup.

Grace, we three were so excited, we hardly-knew what to do next. With your parents in Spanish Fork, 25 miles way, and no doctor to call, you asked me to ride down to Thistle, Utah to call your folks over the telephone. At that time, the telephones were the crank and wind kind. You said that your folks could be contacted at one of two homes in Spanish Fork.

I jumped on my horse and made a "Paul Revere ride" about 13 miles to old Thistle and asked the store clerks there if they would try to notify your folk's at either of the two homes. They tried, but they could not get any response from either of the two homes. So I got on my horse and headed for Spanish Fork, about another 13 miles. You said that your folks were not expected home untill the evening of the next day, but, Grace, to my surprise, I met your folks coming home about one and a half miles down the canyon from Thistle, Utah.

I told them the bad news about Frank. Your father grabbed his buggy whip from its holster and started whipping the horse to a fast trot or lope--heading for home as fast as they could. I met them on the old wagon road directly across the river and railroad from where the Big-D Service Station stood, now abandoned since the Thistle mud slide. Grace, this meeting place with your folks was a flat bench above the Rio Grand railroad, which was about 50 yards long with the wagon road dipping down to the east and also the west. As I approached the down hill slope of the road, going west, I turned sufficiently in my saddle to see that your father was still trying to get as much speed from his horse as possible so as to get home to Frank.

Grace, in appreciation of your kind letter to me about your brother Frank, and my part in his rescue from the donkey, or as you state in your letter "the jackass", I here by must state that every word I have used, as well as every statement compiled in this letter are all true. These events all happened the morning of Frank's rescue three fourths to one mile east of your folks home and that those present were Grace, Berta, Frank Jones and Allen B. Williams. As previously stated I have enclosed a picture taken by me this last August of 1987 of the exact tree that the donkey took Frank into when his left foot got entangled in the stirrup of the saddle on the donkey. You mentioned that Frank had a large sliver embedded in his hip or groin. Well, I am sure, Grace, that it had to come



from this same tree for the donkey then ran back off the hill to the wagon road where it was kicking and dragging Frank almost to his death.

Grace, I can not state the exact time or date when this happened other than to state its general relationship to other events in my life. It had to have happened near the years of 1918 to 1920, but the exact year or day is really only a small item in this letter. After looking again at the enclosed picture of the same tree with the overhanging limb recently taken in August of this year(1987 and then rereading your letter and viewing your picture of Frank on his donkey, the memory of it all comes back very strong to me.

Sincerely,

Allen B. Williams



Frank Jones and
Laura Lucinda Rudd Jones

FRANK JONES FAMILY

From history of Frank Jones, written by his wife. Quote:

We moved to Tucker, Utah County, which was then a railroad town. We built what was 'Cottage Hotel', kept boarders, post office and store for 15 years. Then, thinking it would improve my husband's health, we moved on a ranch. But he only lived two years. He died 25 nov 1904, and was buried in Tucker cemetery.

Frank Jones' wife's name was Laura Lucinda Rudd. She later married David Hone. The picture of the hotel is owned by Grace Jones Dansie of Spanish Fork, Utah.

The Tucker school was in district #1. The school board in 1908-1909 and 1909-1910 composed of William T. Williams as chairman; John Bigley, secretary; and Samuel Wing,